A

POEM:

DEDICATED

To the Memory,

And Lamenting the

DEATH

OF HER

Late Sacred Majesty

OF THE

SMALL-POX.

By Mr. *GLANVILL* of *Lincolns-Inn.*

Et Tumulum facite, & Tumulo superaddite Carmen.
Virg. Ecgl. 5.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Newton* at the *Three Pigeons* against the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-street*, 1695.

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Advertiſement.

THE *Author of the following* Poem, *as he has been in the Country ever ſince before Her* Majeſty's *Death, and is but juſt come to Town; ſo he was not willing to truſt it to the Preſs, without his being upon the Place to ſuperviſe it, well knowing how Frequent, and how Fatal the Miſtakes are in ſuch Caſes, eſpecially in Things of Verſe.*

This may ſerve as an Excuſe for its not Appearing ſooner, if any Excuſe be needfull, of which he is not ſatisfied. The Addreſſes go on, and why may not the Poetical Condoleance? It does; Every Week produces ſome little Thing or other on the Subject. The Firing continues, tho' ſomewhat fainter than at firſt; and he hopes he may have the Liberty of Coming in, tho' at the latter End, and ſhooting off his Piſtol, as well as the reſt. The Cauſe in Hand is ſo weighty, and withall ſo various, that there cannot well be too many Concern'd in it; And who knows but a latter Counſel may hit upon ſomething, that has never been ſaid yet? In ſhort, if the Poem *be Good, he cannot think it is yet too late; if it be Ill (And of that indeed there is great Danger,) then he is ſure it comes out too ſoon.*

Advertisement.

THE Author of the following Poem, as he has been in the Country ever since before Her Majesty's Death, and is but just come to Town; so he was not willing to trust it to the Press, without his being upon the Place to supervise it, well knowing how Frequent, and how Fatal the Mistakes are in such Cases, especially in Things of Verse.

This may serve as an Excuse for its not Appearing sooner, if any Excuse be needfull, of which he is not satisfied. The Addresses go on, and why may not the Poetical Condolence? It does; Every Week produces some little Thing or other on the Subject. The Firing continues, tho' just but fainter than at first; and he hopes he may have the Liberty of Coming in, tho' at the latter End, and shooting off his Pistol, as well as the rest. The Cause in Hand is so weighty, and withall so various, that there cannot well be too many Concern'd in it; And who knows but a latter Counsel may hit upon something, that has never been said yet? In short, if the Poem be Good, he cannot think it is yet too late; if it be Ill (And of that indeed there is great Danger,) then he is sure it comes out too soon.

A

POEM:

Dedicated to the

MEMORY,

AND

Lamenting the DEATH

OF HER

Late SACRED MAJESTY, &c.

SO *Orange* fell, ſo *Glouceſter* went before,
And *She* ſucceeds to make thy Triumph more;
Tyrant-Diſeaſe, that may'ſt with rude ſucceſs
Boaſt now the Deaths of half a Royal Race.
In Blood, in Youth, in Worth, in Fate ally'd,
Lov'd They all liv'd, and all Lamented dy'd.
But Oh! the Queen, and Oh! Her Herſe the moſt,
As more the *Kingdom*, and as more *She* loſt;
Torn by Her rigid and ſeverer Fate
Not from dull Hopes, or from inferior State;
From Crowns poſſeſs'd, and from Imperial Sway
Of willing Nations begging to Obey,

That with Great *Naſſau's* fought her ſov'reign Command,
And thought their Scepters grac'd by ſuch a Hand,
Raviſh'd ſhe went; from ſtill increaſing Power,
From taſted Triumphs, and from Hopes of more.
As when, of old, in ſome Religious Wood
A towring Oak, that Soveraignly ſtood,
Mounting Majeſtick, and Sublime above
The reſt, the Sacred Queen of all the Grove,
Down, Thunder-ſtruck, from all her Honours caſt,
(While branching yet They had an Age to laſt)
Fell, a vaſt Ruin, on the Wounded Plain;
Her the Bards mourn'd, Her every Anxious Swain,
That, faithfull, there, once, glad Devotion paid,
And ſate with Joy beneath her gratefull Shade;
Concern'd for Her, and Her Deploring, more
Than all (tho' noble They) that fell before;
Griev'd to reflect, as they beheld her lye,
How her tall Arms, but now, poſſeſs'd the Sky;
Tax'd *Jove* himſelf that his Imperial Tree
Shou'd not ſecure from his own Thunder be.

Nor leſs do we th'ador'd *Maria's* Fall
Too hard, too cruel, and untimely Call;
Dare for Her ſake ill-reverenc'd Heav'n accuſe,
Ask, why ſuch Victims Death has leave to Chuſe?
Say Tyrants live, and living Them we mourn,
That they grow Old, who ne'er ſhou'd have been Born;
While thoſe whom Vertue renders Gods below,
Whom we, like Gods, cou'd wiſh Immortal too,
Forſake our Hopes, and leave vain Years behind,
Defrauded of the Bleſſings They deſign'd.

Not every where is Nature thus ſevere;
The needfull Sun, that from his beamy Sphere
Cheers the glad World, a laſting State maintains,
A thouſand Ages paſt, yet ſtill He Reigns;
But Fatal Comets, whoſe Portentous Flame
Does Wars and Waſte, and every Ill proclaim,
Like Meteors paſs, their baleſull Glories dye,
And They to better Stars reſign the Sky.

Theſe are the Murm'rings of the Loyal Train,
Whilſt unconcern'd not Foes themſelves remain:
They lend (for who ſo ſavage to Forbear?)
A Sigh of Pity, to the Young and Fair;
The Beauty give, what they refuſe the Queen,
Who muſt have dy'd unwept, have dy'd unſeen.

But above all is the ſad Poet's Woe;
He grieves as Subject, and as Poet too;
He ſaw Her young, and hop'd to ſing Her long,
A ſhining Part in each Triumphant Song;
Which with *Naſſau*'s Her Trophies ſhou'd record,
And love the Eyes to equal to the Sword.
Fond Bard ——
No more ſhall he the happy Birth-day ſing,
Which gave new Pleaſure to the welcome Spring:
No more, for Her, th' illuſtrious Day ſhall greet,
Which lay'd a proſtrate Empire at Her Feet,
Promiſe the World, Prophetical in vain,
Long future Joys in an united Reign;
Only while Pious, to attend Her Herſe,
He brings the Mournfull Offering of his Verſe,

Her Fate Condoling, the juſt Grief to raiſe,
Once, this laſt Time, he celebrates Her Praiſe:

Tells Wonders of Her Face, and of Her Mind,
How bright the Form, and bright the Reaſon ſhin'd;
How lovely Looks, and a Majeſtick Mien
Gave Her all Beauty's Title to be Queen;
How, when She ſpoke, all thought it Heav'n to hear,
Bleſs'd the ſoft Voice, and found the Goddeſs there;
How She, rais'd high, as high a Pattern ſhow'd,
Of generous Vertue ſet the Noble Mode,
With kind Indulgence, waiting on Her Power,
So doing Good, as wanting to do more;
With free Humility, that Crown'd Her State;
A brave deſcending, which exalts the Great.
There Haughty Nymphs, who in a meaner Sphere
Proud of their Height, or of their Luſtre, were,
Reproach'd familiar Majeſty to view,
Such Matchleſs Beauty, and ſo Prideleſs too,
From conſcious Shame a happy Cure did gain,
Diſmiſs'd their Scorn, and durſt no more be Vain.
He adds the Calm ſereneneſs of Her Mind,
Like *Æther*, rais'd above the Clouds and Wind;
Her Charms ſtill ſweetning with Perpetual Grace,
A Spring of Joy, immortal in Her Face:
He adds the Modeſty, in Courts ſo rare,
Which Praiſe ſo well-deſerv'd ſo ill cou'd bear;
The Love ſhe to the Happy Conſort bore,
More Worth than all the Crowns or Bays he wore;
Nor He the Clemency forgets, nor He
The Faith, nor He the well-known Piety;

All, All he tells, Her every Praiſe imparts,
Of vacant Hours ſhows the *Palladian* Arts,
Deſcribes the Nation copying from the Court,
Work made a Faſhion, and become a Sport;
Whilſt with no Dame no Moments idly Fell,
Spent all, through very Affectation, well.

But then he Mounts aloft to Greater Things,
Of Rule, of Conduct, and of Courage ſings,
Of gathering Faction ſilently ſuppreſs'd,
And unfear'd Dangers that appear'd, and ceas'd;
How when the King the threatned World wou'd ſhield,
And fled the Court, impatient for the Field;
His abſent Charge She, emulous, did ſuſtain;
He went to Conquer, and She ſtaid to Reign.
To Reign? to Guard, to War, to Vanquiſh too;
This *Gallick* Shores, and humbled *Louis* knew,
His flying Ships that ſham'd their haughty Names,
And Royal Suns that periſh'd in her Flames.
So the *Athenian* Progeny of *Jove*,
Tho' She the mild and peacefull Olive love,
The Skilfull Goddeſs of each gentler Art,
Yet ſhakes the Spear, and knows a Martial Part:
Troy fled her Arms, and help'd by her to Dare,
Did bold *Tydides* Wound the God of War.

Who dares Her Honours impiouſly Blaſpheme,
Or with Ambition tax the Faultleſs Dame?
By every generous Winter better taught,
To right Her Vertue, and correct his Fault.
O how we lov'd (that gratefull Seaſon come,
That brought the Lord of all our Wiſhes home)

To ſee the Charming Regent, cover'd o'er
With juſteſt Glory for well-manag'd Power,
Fly all in Joy to yield up a Command,
Which pleas'd Her beſt, when in His dearer Hand!
Then loud Applauſe proclaim'd the Heroine;
'Tis eaſier far to Reign, than to reſign.
Not thus * th' *Aſſyrian* Queen, when Regnant made;
Advanc'd to Rule, th' Advancer ſhe betray'd,
By Guilt and Crimes too pleaſing Power maintain'd,
The Husband Dy'd, and the Wife, impious, Reign'd.
She knew to Govern; while *Maria* knew
To Govern, and how not to Govern too.
Fair *Cynthia* ſo, when *Phœbus* does retire,
Carrying to other Lands his powerfull Fire;
Then rules Supreme, and with a Soveraign Ray
Gives the forſaken World another Day,
Reigns o'er the Waves, and makes Her ſelf to be
Confeſs'd the mighty Empreſs of the Sea:
But when again his Beams He does reſtore,
She ſilent yields, and willing ſhines no more;
Shares ſtill the Heav'n, and with an Equal Right,
But leaves the God alone to give the Light.

* *Semiramis.*

Thus while He ſings, freſh Glory does appear;
But Glory this, that coſt the World too dear;
Glory the Poet cou'd be glad to hide,
Sighing he has to tell how Great ſhe Dy'd:
How when by ſure Preſage the Fate was known,
Then She was Dauntleſs, and then She alone.
Not then Her Hero knew to be unmov'd;
He ſhrunk, and learn'd to fear for Her he lov'd.
So trembled *Mars* (with him all Heav'n agreed)
To ſee the Queen of Love and Beauty bleed;

On

On whoſe indulgent, and diviner Breaſt,
The ſlumbring Souldier us'd ſo pleas'd to reſt;
Where peacefull Moments he did well improve,
Relieving Toils of War with Joys of Love.
But Oh! when Life gave the vain Struggle o'er,
And She, th' Illuſtrious *She*, was now no more;
Then the Muſe ſpreads new Horror o'er the place,
A wild Confuſion paints in every Face;
Makes Nature mourn, whilſt each aſtoniſh'd Flood
Forgot to flow, and dull, and ſtupid ſtood;
With chilling Grief the ſhivering Earth does bind,
And makes Air ſigh in every Murmuring Wind.
But Oh! what Numbers ſhall be found, what Verſe
The Royal Lover's Anguiſh to reherſe?
He bends, He ſinks, He falls beneath the Weight,
Threatning the World with yet a greater Fate.
Then, only then, Thoughtleſs the Court of Her
Their Sorrow found ſuſpended in their Fear;
While Senſe, while Life from the Great Mourner flies;
And loſt, and ſilent He, not Grieves, but Dyes.
At laſt, as Art compell'd him to revive,
Implor'd and begg'd, He wou'd endure to Live;
He Grants, but ſtill expoſtulating, why
The Buſineſs of the World gave Him not leave to Dye?
O Boaſt! O Honour! O unequall'd Fame!
O happy Shade, and never-dying Name!
What Charms, what Vertues muſt be Hers, to move
That Heart to ſuch a Grief, and ſuch a Love!
Here, Poets, here uſe all your niceſt Art,
Dwell on the tender, and important Part:
This Scene alone *Maria*'s Fame ſhall raiſe;
Draw well this Paſſion, and there needs no Praiſe.

FINIS.